Literary Cabinet.

Si non tantus fructus perciperetur ex his studiis, quantum percipi constat, sed ex his delectatio sola peteretur; tamen hæc animi remissio judicanda esset libero homine dignissima. CICERO.

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CONDITIONS.

I. THIS Paper will be under the direction of Editors, chosen from the Senior Class.

II. It will be published once a fortnight, on a half sheet, in the octavo form.

III. Its price will be *One Dollar* per annum—*Fifty Cents* to be paid in advance.

IV. Persons not living in this city must pay the whole subscription *in advance*.

The Essayist.

No. V.

[The ingenious author of *Human Prescience*, will read this Essay with pleasure.]

MANKIND seem to be formed, by nature, to relish *novelty*, and when any thing of this kind comes under our inspection, we never fail of being pleased with it. Its truth or falsehood, beauty or deformity, does not so much engage our attention as the simple fact of its being *novel*. Influenced by this natural propensity, I perused that piece in the Cabinet, entitled *Human Prescience*, with a kind of strange pleasure. To me the subject was new, and I felt as if the *dignity of man* had received an addition. Desiring, however, to be sure that this was the case before I felt too much of my own importance, I examined the subject; the result of which examination, was a complete conviction that the subject, there inculcated, was rather the production of a fertile imagination, than of accurate research.

As I trust I have not embraced an opinion, which has no foundation in reason, so I am not unwilling to communicate my reasons, that others may condemn or approve them.

I have myself experienced the same feelings which the author mentions in the commencement of his remarks, but have always found them, upon enquiry, to be the production of the imagination, unless I had actually felt the same, or something nearly resembling them, at some former period.—This belief can be accounted for on rational principles. It is a fact, which cannot have escaped the notice of any, that the mind when excited, is no more capable of measuring time, than the eye is of measuring magnitude or distance. When any object is first presented to our view, we have a partial view of it while we are calm, and we retain the impression, which it has now made upon our minds. Immediately our admiration is excited, and its appearance to the eye is entirely

different from what it was before. But as the mind retains the former impression, though it is unable to measure the time between the two, it has two impressions; the one indeed faint, but sufficiently distinct, to make us perceive its resemblance to the other.—Hence we have two impressions, without being able to determine the time between them, and by the assistance of our imaginations, we are easily led to believe it much longer than it really is; and so the first impression is what we believe ourselves to have felt before.

Let us for example, examine that which the author has specified. The LITERARY CABINET was a thing which we were all anxious to see, and this enigmatical list being *novel*, attracted the author's attention. As he had never seen either the paper or the list before, is it not natural to suppose, that the first impression (which I have mentioned) was what first produced this idea in his mind? If this is not the case, why do we not mention these facts previous to our seeing the object which created them?

What the author has discussed in the last part of his remarks, will be perceived to be entirely different from what I have endeavoured to answer. I propose in some future paper, to answer the objection which he has drawn from memory, as well as the other examples which are there considered, and to show the difference between the *Jewish prophesies* and those of other nations. CLARK.

On the Profession of Law.

No. VI.

IT seems difficult to many persons to conceive it possible for the same man, at different times, to argue on the opposite sides of the same question, without giving up his integrity. They forget however, that the lawyer never undertakes, or professes to present the subject in such a point of view, as he would do, were he giving an unbiassed decision, or sitting as umpire between the parties. He professes to give a true and faithful exhibition of what can fairly be urged in favor of his client, leaving it to his opponent to do the same service to his employer. What is there dishonorable in this? But to prostitute the mind and the moral powers of man to dishonest purposes, for a reward, is truly dishonorable. Lord Hale has said, and every honest and honorable lawyer will unite in the declaration, that he knew not what greater reproach could be offered a man, than to say he would be guilty of speaking an untruth for a little money.

After such an objection as the foregoing, it is not surprizing to hear that lawyers are destitute of principle. Were not this so often said, it would be useless to spend any time upon it. But though often asserted, the body of the community, and especially the intelligent part, never believed it. Who have been looked up to, not in Connecticut only, but in every part of the United States, as the fittest persons with whom to trust the dearest concerns of the people? It is impossible to answer this question truly, and account for the fact, on any principle which does not overthrow the charge I am refuting. Ask those acquainted with the history of our country, from the earliest times, whether the pillars of our church and state, have not frequently been found among the ornaments

of the bar. This profession can boast of a great proportion of men eminent for extensive learning, a liberal spirit, an enlarged charity, incorruptible integrity, and ardent piety. What shall be said against such men as an Ingersol or a Hillhouse, of this state, long since in their graves, or a Strong, of a neighboring commonwealth, lately deceased? Were the hands of these men *contaminated with base bribes?* The singular excellence of Sir William Jones, and his uniform devotedness to the best interests of mankind, have secured him the respect of all who love to see talents well applied, or influence wisely directed. Every muse weeps over his tomb!—What can malice invent againt a Hale, whose constant piety, and just views of religion, no less than his legal erudition, and the sanctity of his judicial character, will be the subjects of admiration to the wise and good, till the glorious luminaries of English jurisprudence shall cease to shine in this world, at that awful period when the sun himself shall fade away.

Shall we be told of the selfishness, the extortion, the unfeelingness of lawyers? Alas! is wickedness a new, or a rare thing in the world, that it should be laid at the doors of any particular class of men? Deplorable iniquity is, indeed but too commonly found in every profession. What changes might be rung on the horrors of the Inquisition, or the practices of Loyola's disciples; on such open, premeditated, hell-invented crimes, perpetrated by men of science, pretending to be the lights of the world, and acting deliberately as the ambasadors of God to men! Patriotism is a desirable thing; yet what a host of high-handed enormities start up to view, while we contemplate the characters of the most flaming professed patriots of every age; men boasting their attachment to liberty, and yet by their arts producing confusion, dismay, and bloodshed, and then crushing the people, the deluded instruments of their elevation, into the dust of oppression and contempt. Where is the body of men, the class, the denomination, the profession, the members of which can unitedly say, *we are clear from iniquity, we have done no sin!*

COKE.

To be continued.

On Rhyme.

No. II.

HAVING, in the last communication, which I made on this subject, produced some instances from which it appeared to me that an acquaintance with rhyme could not be denied to the ancients, and having also answered the objections, which I conceived might be advanced against the poems there cited, I proceed to a further examination of my subject.

When we consider that the pieces quoted from Ausonius and Martial, are entire and not merely fragments, or parts selected from longer poems, that they are unexceptionable in their versification and exact as to the rhyme, we can scarcely hesitate to acknowledge that they could not have been composed without the intention, which they so strongly evince to have been conceived by the authors. The fact that they are complete poems in themselves is an unanswerable argument.—We do indeed meet with instances of several lines rhyming in other Latin poems; but they do

not appear to have been the result of design. I shall here cite two instances only, out of a number which the Latin Poets afford.*— In Nemesian is the following passage:

Quod vidi nullâ tegimur lanugine malas.
Pascimus et crinem; nostro formosior Idâ
Dicor: et hoc ipsum tu mihi narrare solebas,
Purpureas laudando genas et lactea colla. *Ecl.* 2. v. 77.

We have another in Lucretius:

Nunc, age, res quoniam docui non posse creari
De Nihilo, neque item genitas ad Nil revocari. *L.* 1. v. 266.

Should it be asked why chance has produced these resemblances here and yet cannot be considered as the cause of them in the instances previously cited, I would answer, by enquiring in turn, why the rhyming lines met with in blank verse, are found there? Every reader of Milton knows that many occur in him.

But it is not of regular poetry only that we can produce vestiges among the Latins. There are some pieces which appear to have been written in the same loose manner that characterizes Milton's Lycidas, and many odes, which have been written by modern Lyric bards. I shall not insist particularly on this as an argument, but I acknowledge there is great reason to believe that these coincidences were not the result of design more than in the epigrams of Martial and Ausonius. The same reason must however induce us to reject the modern pieces alluded to above. Here, as in the former case, we have many instances of similar irregularity in the larger poems of the Romans The opening of the Achilleis of Statius is an instance. That piece however, to which I now particularly refer, is a poem by Seneca, the Philosopher. It seems to have been composed on the death of some Lawyer, and to have been intended as a ridicule on him, as the whole tenor of the piece indicates. I would here quote the whole that each might judge for himself, but as it consists of sixty-one lines, I shall decline doing so and merely set down eleven, as a specimen of the rest.

Ille Britannos.
Ultra noti
Littora ponti.
Et cæruleos
Scotobrigantes
Dare Romuleis
Colla catenis
Jussit et ipsum
Nova Romanæ
Iura securis
Tremere Oceanum.

The irregularity in the construction of the verse in this passage, and throughout the rest of the poem, seems to be by no means unfavorable to the idea that it was written in the irregular rhyme, which I specified above. However, since I lay very little stress upon this species of poetry, as found among the ancients, I shall dwell upon it no longer, but dismiss this part of my subject, with referring the curious to the Epigram of Pentadius, " de vitâ beatâ," for another instance.

Another species of rhyming poetry, of which many vestiges are found among the Latin poets, is that which is usually known by the name of Monkish rhyme.— I would here remark once for all, that if any poetry of this kind be considered as inconsistent with the gravity and good sense of antiquity, I would enquire whether

* See Cl. Rut. It. L. 2. 25. Ov. Met. 15. 103. Vir. Æn. 1. 596. Hor. Od. 1. 1. Tib. 3. 4. 5. Luc. 8. 534. Stat. Sylv. 2. 7, &c.

the trifles of Symmius Rhodius, the ridiculous niceties of Pindar and Tryphiodorus, the centos of Ausonius and Proba Falconia and the acrostics of Liberius and Belisarius, are more foolish than the rhymes of the monks, the "bouts rimés" of the French, or the anagram of Aurat. But let us resume our subject. That species of versification which I now have in view, consists in making the Hemistichs rhyme. Of the high repute in which this and other species of Latin rhyme were held we may judge from a passage in the 17th Ep. of the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum" where it is said of one of the poets of those days, "Domini Magistri dicunt, quòd sua metra sunt ita bona sicut metra Virgilii," and it is well known that a certain monk translated the first six books of Virgil into Latin rhyme, saying that it only wanted that addition to make it perfect. A specimen of this kind of rhyme is preserved in L'Enfant's History of the Council of Constance, and attributed to John Huss. Three of the lines are the following:

Mors est ventura, quæ dissipabit beneficia plura.
Mors est ventura, non fac, quæ scis nocitura.
Mors est ventura, quam non excutiet et Papatura.

Numerous examples are found in the Epis. Obs. Vir. already quoted. Among the Latin poets we meet with many short pieces, generally of two lines, which are constructed in the same way. Thus Symposius in his Enigma on rain,

Ex alto venio longâ delapsa ruinâ,
De cœlo cecidi, medias transmissa per auras,
Sed sinus excepit, qui me simul ipse recepit.*

* See also, Aus, Ep. 9. 13, 21, 66. Mar. xiii. 30, 21, 121, 118. xiv. 116, 166, 183, 195.

I am not much disposed to insist upon these authorities as complete proof, because I have myself met with similar instances in many of the longer Latin poems. I am however of opinion, that, though we may perhaps deny the Latins the honor of having furnished us with specimens in this kind of rhyme, yet they not improbably gave the first hint to the monks.

Since I wrote the first part of these observations, I have discovered a still more remarkable instance of Latin rhyme, than any that has been previously quoted. It is met with in one of the hymns of Ambrose, bishop of Milan, who lived in the reigns of Gratian and Theodosius. And I would here remark that there seems to be a general tendency to rhyme, throughout his poems, particularly in the 3d, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th 12th, and 16th. The piece to which I refer is as follows:

Hymnus tempore paschali dicendus.

Chorus novæ Hierusalem
Novam meli dulcedinem
Promat, colens cum sobriis
Paschale festum gaudiis.
Quo Christus invictus leo
Dracone surgens obruto,
Dum voce vivâ personat,
A morte functos excitat.
Quam devorârat improbus
Prædam refudit Tartarus,
Captivitate libera
Jesum sequuntur agmina.
Triumphat ille splendidè,
Et dignus amplitudine,
Soli polique patriam
Unam facit rempublicam.
Ipsum canendo supplices
Regem precemur milites,
Ut in suo clarissimo
Nos ordinet palatio.
Per secla metæ nescia
Petri supremo gloria,
Honorque sit cum filio
Spiritui paracleto.

The only objection, which in my view can be made to the admission of this piece, is that the

author was an ecclesiastic. This however will be unavailing, when we remember that he was not merely an Ecclesiastic, but was skilled in all the learning of those times. Again, Latin poetry was cultivated only in monasteries, or by those who had been educated in them. Now the first convent established in Europe, was that of Marmoutier, built by St. Martin, about A. D. 374, on the banks of the Loire, and St. Ambrose was born at Arles, in Provence, A. D. 340, and as the different orders of Monks did not cultivate literature until about the dark ages, it is obvious that Ambrose could not have obtained his knowledge of rhyme from monks. When to these considerations we add the circumstance that Leonine verses, which were principally cultivated in convents, were not known as such until the dark ages, I think we have very solid reasons for believing that rhyme was not unknown to the Latin poets.

PALÆPHILUS.

To Readers and Correspondents.

IN compliance with the particular request of Spinoza, our Readers will please to substitute, on page 34, eight lines from the bottom, the word *conjecture* for *enquiry*.

Our new Correspondents must not stretch their pieces too far. They may easily condense their remarks into a small compass. Continuations exclude variety, and soon become tiresome.

The Humorous Writers are requested to lend us their aid. In order to attract general attention, and give pleasure, our Paper must be embellished with the effusions of wit, as well as the investigations of learning.

"*Immortality of the Soul*," in our next.

The Bower.

.....Sometimes
We bid bright Fiction to resemble Truth,
And sometimes speak what Truth herself approves.

HES. THEOG.

THE RESIDENCE OF POMONA.

AS Juno was sitting one morning alone,
(For queens have but little to do, it is known)
And having no person with whom to converse,
And no one to scold, which for her was much worse,
She ordered fair Iris, her charioteer,
For a short excursion her car to prepare.
To where sweet Pomona the gardens commands,
And plants fruitful trees with her lily-white hands,
I long since designed, said the queen, to repair
And visit her dwellings so pleasant and fair:
So hasten, Thaumantis, my chariot to guide
To Vauxhall, where fame reports she does reside.
The peacocks, in azure and purple arrayed,
Their many-colored plumage to view soon displayed;
A green silken net o'er their bodies was laid
And scarlet-dyed reins on their wings loosely played.
A light saffron cloud was the goddess's car,
Bespangled with many a sweet beaming star,
Whilst Iris's bright and diversified bow
Arched over the sacred queen in brilliant show.
Great Juno, renowned o'er the world, took her place,
With dignified mien and unparalleled grace.
The peacocks to honor Saturnia so fair
New-deck'd their gay plumage and trod in the air,

More proud and majestic, than even the queen,
When she 'mid her court on Olympus is seen.
Before they had journeyed long over the sky,
A chariot was seen from afar to draw nigh.
'Twas Venus, attended by Cupids and Loves,
And drawn in an ivory car, by four doves.
And thus she addresses the queen, when she drew near,
To whom, she had lately become very dear:
"Say, whither, bright Juno, thy car thou dost guide,
"To where some of heaven's assembly reside?
"Or down to the earth, to hunt carefully round,
"Lest Hermes for Jove some fair maid should have found?
"Oh! no" said Saturnia "'tis neither of these,
"For Jove has grown faithful, at length, by degrees.
"Nor yet am I seeking for heaven's fair train,
"Who dwell all around on Olympus's plain;
"But down to the earth, where Pomona resides,
"Sweet Iris, to Vauxhall, my chariot now guides.
"But tell me, in turn, whither you also hie,
"To what place on earth, in the sea or the sky."
"Your errand" replied Cytherea, "is mine
"To visit Pomona, is now my design;
"And so to the Ranelagh let us repair;
"For, Vulcan informs me that she resides there."
"Not to Ranelagh, but to Vauxhall you mean,"
Returns, with surprize, heaven's dignified queen.
"No, no, you mistake," Cupid's mother replies,
"No, no, it is you," fair Saturnia cries,
"But let us proceed, for perhaps both are wrong,
"And we may meet some one, before we ride long,
"To say which is right and to point out the way;
"So let us go on, without father delay."
"Agreed," rejoins Venus. Again they renew
And over the heavens their journey pursue;
While chit-chat beguiles the ennui of the way
And keeps the two goddesses cheerful and gay.
Not long had the chariots moved on thro' the air;
When two winged dragons afar off appear,
By which, as they swiftly rush onwards, is drawn
A goddess, more beauteous and fair than the dawn.
"'Tis Ceres" cries Juno, "I know by the crown
"Of poppies, which on either temple hang down.
"She surely can tell whither we must repair
"Pomona to find to Vertumnus so dear."
And now Proserpine's blooming mother drew nigh;
For with rapid course, she moved over the sky
And thus she addressed the celestial pair,
As soon as she thought that her words they could hear.
"Bright goddesses, heaven's great glory and pride,
"Say whither at present thus early you ride,
"Say, whether the fresh morning breeze to enjoy,
"Or things more important your thoughts now employ."
"To visit Pomona," Saturnia replied,
"And which of the two is right, you must decide.
"At Vauxhall I said that she always remained,
"But Venus that at the Rotunda she reigned.
"So be you the judge to determine the case,
"And say which of these is indeed the right place."
"With pleasure," said Ceres, "upon me I take
"To rectify quickly this double mistake.
"And first, I must say you are both in the wrong,
"And how to find that, for which you so much long,
"I shall soon inform you, if you will but stay,

"Till I give directions for finding the way.
"Those places, where you have thought she did reside,
"For her are too noisy and close on each side.
"'Tis only where orchards and woods ever green,
"With valleys and hills, make a sweet rural scene;
"Where fountains and streams are transparent and sweet,
"And here and there stands a rude moss-covered seat:
"Where woodlands, impervious to Phœbus's ray,
"Afford a delightful retreat, at midday;
"Whilst birds, in each arbour and bower around,
"With soft rural lays cause the woods to resound,
"That this beauteous goddess resides all the year,
"Industrious, and virtuous, and free from all care.
"And you to the Leasowes,* romantic and sweet,
"Must hasten, to visit Pomona's retreat." ALCANDER.

* *Shenstone's place.*

AUTUMNAL MEDITATION.

THE Spring with all its varied scenes
No more enchants the raptur'd eye,
But gloom on gloom in settled wreaths
Marks for its prey the pensive brow.

No heights with thick leaved forests crowned,
Impede Orion's glimmering ray;
No vallies rich in od'rous shrubs,
Embalm the trembling fleeting gales.

The artless notes of warbling tribes
No more along the breezes float,
Or hail with sorrow-soothing power,
The rustic's or the traveller's ear.

The drooping herds no more can find
Refreshing shades and dewy lawns,
Or fleecy flocks exulting crop
The tender branches of the vine.

The fiery steed with glowing heels
No more can prance o'er smiling fields,
Or panting bound along the mead,
To silv'ry brooks with verdure edged.

No summer crops with golden tinge
Diffuse their radiance o'er the plains,
Or fruit trees, rich in autumn's dress,
Invite the weary trav'lers hand.

But winter, dreary winter comes,
Resounding in his awful Car,
To check all nature's genial growth
And veil her in a frozen garb.

FROM CATULLUS, C. 105.

TO LESBIA.

To me alone wilt thou then faithful prove?
Shall nameless joys attend our lasting love?
Then, O! ye gods, inspire my Lesbia's soul,
With constant love and all her thoughts control,
That we united may each hour improve
The sacred bonds of everlasting love.
JUVENILIS YALENSIS.

A RIDDLE.

Tho' dumb of myself, yet I'm oft made to talk;
Tho' I move not, nor can, yet I make others walk;
Tho' neither in Hebrew, or Latin, or Greek,
In English, or French, or Italian, I speak,
My meaning is known, by all those who are near me,
And every one hates me, and loves me, and fears me.
I assist in promoting devotions great cause,
And my rule is as potent as that of the laws.
The boast of our state, "steady habits," I teach,
And a sermon to sluggards, I constantly preach.

EPIGRAMMA:

Cornelius Tacitus nunquam miracula cesant
Quùm magis alloquitur tum magis est Tacitus.

Ad conclave studio dicatum.

Salve conclave! in cujus tam sæpe latebris,
Cum charis, horas gravibus studiis et amænis
Devovi olim. Dico vale rursusque vale jam,
Mox rediens felix ego gaudia nostra resumam.

EPIGRAM.

Ned says he only is a fool
When they on April day abound:
But really to tell plain truth,
Ned is a fool the whole year round.

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